

# LEARNED MAN IN JAIL FOR THEFT OF SIXTY DOLLARS.



Henry B. Bult, Once Respected, Now in Deep Disgrace.

Was a well-known connoisseur of books and prints and his judgment was taken by experts. He became a crook and is now under sentence for larceny.

## Fall of H. B. Bult, Who Sold Books to Gladstone and Was George Augustus Sala's Disciple.

THERE was sentenced, yesterday, to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a year, the most ardent book lover, the most learned expert in old papers, the subtlest thief that New York has known. Henry B. Bult has sold books to Gladstone and engravings of Albert Durer to Prince; he has delved in the private libraries of the men that love of books and engravings alone has made famous and has estimated them at their precise value; he has discussed cookery with George Augustus Sala, and he has dined with Sam Ward. He goes to the penitentiary at sixty-five years of age for having stolen \$60.

In the Court of General Sessions he appeared haggard, with the expression in his large, pale blue eyes of one haunted by a monstrous calamity. He was there, they say, for the first time, pleading for him with all the eloquence of an orator and with all the despairing anxiety of a friend.

They could not appreciate any other argument than that his knowledge, the result of his education, a special gift in him that no other person had, made indulgence for his fault an imperative duty. His special gift was extraordinary. One of his special gifts was an engraving that had the least value, with any portrait found anywhere, and he gave the date of it, the name of the engraver of it and the price that it would fetch at auction. It was not memory only that enabled him to do this. It was sheer, intuitive knowledge.

### Perfect Knowledge of Art Worth

He was consulted with absolute confidence. If he said that a wood cut was worth \$150 or \$300 or \$1,000 it was worth that. His appraisement had the authority of a quotation of the Standard Exchange. Mr. Bult, who possessed an invaluable cabinet of engravings of old New York, had implicit faith in his advice. William Loring Andrews, the book collector, best of friends with New York's bibliographical angels and an illustrious writer about them, deferred to Bult's judgment. Robert Hoe, Samuel B. Avery, Beverly Chew, Valentin Blaquiere, George Beuch de Forest, all the great buyers of scarce books and engravings, trusted in him as an expert absolutely. As an expert, indeed, a man more honest never saw the light of day. As a business man it was different, gossip said. He earned that man as a cataloguer, appraiser, salesman and buyer for William Edwards Benjamin, the bookseller, whose wife is the daughter of Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil celebrity. Mr. Benjamin said that Bult was worth what he could earn, according to the law of supply and demand, and it is true that Benjamin, the Swede, who knew everything and the rest, was content to live like a hermit in a desert, while he catalogued the rarest books for the most eminent bibliophiles in the city. Expert knowledge is indispensable to bookkeepers, but their art is not to

## SCHURMAN EATS A 15-CENT MEAL.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, was shown the working of the Mills Hotel by Superintendent Thomas, yesterday, and was so impressed by the things he saw that he has invited Superintendent Thomas to deliver an address on practical economics before the students. Whether it is incidental or will be the first of a course, neither Superintendent Thomas nor President Schurman would say last night. Cornell has always shown a decided leaning toward the study of economic questions, and it is believed that Mr. Thomas is to be invited to deliver a regular course of lectures and that the series will be placed on the list of elective studies.

When Mills Hotel No. 2 was to be opened an invitation was sent to President Schurman to be present. He did not appear at the opening ceremonies, but later sought out Superintendent Thomas and asked to be shown over the hotel. After inspecting the building thoroughly a visit was made to the restaurant part of the hotel, and President Schurman was invited to partake of the regular fifteen-cent dinner which was being served at the time. President

Schurman ate his fifteen-cent meal and evidently enjoyed it. "Of course, it is sold at a loss," he said to Thomas. "Not at all," answered the superintendent. "There is profit in every part of the hotel, the restaurant included. That meal cost less than the price charged, as I will show you."

The superintendent then proceeded to enter into details of the hotel's management, and explained it well. As he finished a sketch of the smaller kitchen economy, which effect a saving, Mr. Schurman, who had listened without comment, said:

"It seems to me, Mr. Thomas, that would make an exceedingly interesting lecture. I would like very much to have you address the students of Cornell on the practical economy of living."

The matter was discussed, and President Schurman returned to Ithaca, having a promise that Mr. Thomas would deliver one address, at least.

### VOLUNTEER WEDS ON SHORT NOTICE.

Klotz Comes from Camp Alger, Is Married and Returns—Time, Two Days.

literary men, the artists and men of science of fifty years ago in his father's shop. Then he had married against his father's will, lost an inheritance and struggled painfully for an existence in London.

Sabin, the great American bookseller of the civil war period, offered him a place in New York, a shop in the Bowery, where he had saved some money and he knew that he would obtain capital after he had worked here for a while. He had, after five years, a shop in Bowery building at No. 705 Broadway, where all the dilettanti assembled. His stock of old engravings was admirably selected. He added to it incessantly treasures collected here in the mansions that were fashionable when Philip Hone was the sovereign of fashionable society. He educated young men in the art of print collecting and became affluent.

Suddenly he neglected his affairs as if he had never taken the slightest interest in them. Through the streets of the city, at all hours of the night, he could be met, moaning and mourning. He refused an explanation, but the truth became public gossip in spite of him. His wife had died, pointed him. They were separated, and he threatened in his despair murder, suicide, civil suits.

### Wonderful Change After Disappearance.

He disappeared for a long time. When he returned he was ragged, his hair had fallen from the top of his head, tanned now like a monk's. He had forgotten how to smile, how to be witty. He had lost entirely the art of conversation, in which he was an adept. George B. Leavitt & Co., the leading auctioneers in books and engravings, were glad to employ him. He became their expert. He was with them when they succeeded in securing the latter part of the collection of the late Mr. Bult.

Then Bult became Benjamin's man. He sat at a table near the entrance to the book shop, surrounded by reference books, at first. Later there was a screen around him. He was like an oracle there delivering sentences and decisions about first editions of books of the Elizabethan period and prints signed "Folger's fecit." John D. Crimmins and the Rev. Morgan Dix told him that he was a prophet.

"He was too well trained," the Judge said, "not to know that honesty as an expert should entail honesty as a man. His education makes his crime more intense than it would have been if ignorance blinded him. I should sentence him to five years of penal servitude at hard labor. In deference to you, Mr. Dix, and to you, Mr. Crimmins, who have appealed to me for leniency to him, I shall make his punishment a year only of imprisonment in the penitentiary on Blackwell's island."

Poor Bult had not expected that. His face was paler than the whitest leaves of books, his eyes were vague. He closed them and tottered, between two guards, to his doom.

History of this Singular Genius. Henry B. Bult was born in London of an old family of tradesmen, experts in books and engravings for generations. Bult had learned on his father's knees his alphabet in titles of incunabula. He had met the

### BOY GIVES HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND.

James Carney Saves a Companion from Drowning, Then Sinks to Death.

Camden, N. J., Aug. 5.—A boy, hero lost his life in the Delaware River off this city this afternoon. He was James Carney, twelve years old.

Carney and Frank Post, ten years old, were swimming in the river with a crowd of other small boys. They were some distance out from the shore when the Post boy called for help. With the exception of Carney, the other boys became frightened and made for the shore.

It was thought that the Post boy was taken with a cramp, for he was helpless in the water when Carney reached him. Carney towed him to the shore, and the helpless boy was lifted out of the water to the dock.

Carney was exhausted by his hard swim, and when he reached the shore, could hardly move. Just as he reached his hold on Post, Carney sank and did not rise.

### RODE TO DEATH ON HIS BICYCLE.

Le Roy, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Miss Mrs. North, of Stafford, was instantly killed while riding her wheel yesterday afternoon about a quarter of a mile west of this village.

She attempted to cross the railroad track in front of a passenger train. Her wheel ran between the engine and the tender. The train was stopped and the young woman's body taken aboard.

# GIRL WIFE TRIED THrice TO DIE

In Despair Over Her Arrests Mrs. Bullenkamp Attempts Suicide.

## SPURNED BY HUSBAND.

Yielding to Temptation She Had Pilfered Some Articles Belonging to Her Landlady

## CAUGHT BY HAIR BY DETECTIVE.

Twice She Tried to Jump from a Window and Once to Open One of Her Arteries.

Desperate from shame and mortification at the disgrace of being arrested for theft, Mrs. Jenny Bullenkamp, a pretty little woman with a Titian red hair and a rose-pink color, had to be watched last night in a cell at the East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station to prevent her from committing suicide.

Mrs. Bullenkamp is eighteen years old, but looks about sixteen, and has a girlish manner that makes it hard to believe she is a wife.

Her husband, Frederick, is employed in Weisbecker's Market, in West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and the pair, who have been married about two years, live on the second floor of the flat house, No. 2369 Eighth avenue.

Mrs. Sarah Murray, the landlady, who lives in the same building, had been visiting some friends in the country, and when she came back yesterday morning, missed a number of articles. She notified the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street police, suspecting the pretty girl wife who lived on the second floor.

The articles missing were a skirt and waist, a Winter coat, a pocketbook with two gold pins, another ladies' pin and several other things, valued in all at \$50.

Detective Hart traced two of the articles to a pawnbroker's shop, where the ticket on the articles bore the name "Mrs. Bullenkamp." He went to Mrs. Murray and told her of his discovery.

"Why, that woman lives here," said Mrs. Murray, in astonishment.

Hart secured a warrant from Magistrate Mott, and when he went to arrest Mrs. Bullenkamp he found her in the parlor, dressed in a house wrapper.

"Is this Mrs. Bullenkamp?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I have a warrant for your arrest," he said.

"Wait till I get my street dress on," said Mrs. Bullenkamp. Then she ran to the back room and tried to jump out of a window, but her dress caught on a hook. The policeman ran after her in time to grasp her by the back of the neck.

"Now wait you!" she said.

While the detective hesitated she sprang toward the window. There she was, in the patrol wagon before the door, attended by the customary crowd. The people yelled and shouted as she nervously balanced herself on a heavy cornice. Just then Hart caught her again and pulled her back. Her arm was slightly bleeding from a cut received by the hook.

Hart put her into the patrol wagon, the woman now sobbing heavily. Suddenly she pulled out a razor and tried to open an artery in her wrist, but her hand was caught. She was taken to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, where she burst into a fit of violent weeping.

"I don't want to live," she shrieked, struggling to free herself. "I am tired of a good family. Oh my God! In disgrace. I must kill myself!"

At this moment her husband came in. He looked at her and she went over to him, and then he said:

"I don't want to have anything more to do with you."

Then he went out without another word, while a girl of despair escaped from his wife's lips. Mrs. Bullenkamp admitted that she took the articles, but said it was to pay part of the rent. She was removed to live, and would kill herself in the first chance that presented itself.

The nation tried to comfort her, but she would not listen. She was taken to her cell, and said there was no hope for her in this world again. She was watched all night to prevent her from again attempting suicide.

### FINDS HUSBAND MARRIED AGAIN.

An Inventor Charged with Bigamy in a Police Court in Jersey City.

Nell Campbell, forty-seven years old, of No. 251 Woodward street, Jersey City, an inventor, was in the Oakland Avenue Police Court yesterday to answer to a charge of bigamy. The arrest caused much surprise in the Lafayette District of Jersey City. Campbell is the wife of Mr. Bridget Campbell, of No. 126 Ryerson street, Brooklyn, who said that she was married to Campbell in St. Patrick's Church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Father Taithe, on April 24, 1881. Soon after the birth of their daughter, Bridget, now sixteen years of age, Campbell disappeared.

Campbell married the woman with whom he has lived in Woodward street, Miss Margaret Donald, on June 11, 1888. She formerly kept a boarding house in Lafayette.

Too Many Cigarettes Killed Him. Thomas C. Fisher, thirty-two years old, of 535 West Forty-first street, a pianomaker by trade, went into a saloon at No. 704 Tenth avenue yesterday and called for a glass of whiskey. While the bartender was getting it for him he walked to a door at the back of the saloon, and there he dropped on his breast and when the bartender went to help him he found him dead. He had used cigarettes to excess and is supposed to have had tobacco heart.

Do not be content with a smattering knowledge of the popular songs. You are always more entertaining if you know them in their entirety. The best way to bring about this musical achievement is to subscribe to the Sunday Journal and get all the popular songs complete in words and music. For instance, there will appear to-morrow Dan Packard's famous song, "When the Parson Makes Miss Mandy Johnson Mine," which is now the leading negro melody. Week in and week out various songs that have made hits appear in the Musical Supplement, and the best musicians in New York compose the songs that are given away free with the Sunday Journal. It is a great feature for the American public to be put in touch with, and it has a tendency to educate the populace up to all that is best in successful music which reaches the heart of the masses.

# NAMELESS HERO DROWNED WHILE SAVING OTHERS.



## Sailor from Ruppert's Yacht Dragged to Death by Four Girls.

## THREE BODIES RECOVERED.

Boy Rescues a Companion and Then Loses His Own Life in the Delaware.

FIVE went down to death in the waters of Prince's Bay, off Richmond Valley, S. I., when young Frank Ruppert's boat was overturned Thursday afternoon. Three of the bodies were recovered yesterday afternoon, and a fourth, that of Miss Annie Siebeneichen, was brought to the surface by the grappling hook, only to sink again.

The sailor hero who tried to rescue the four girls of the Frohwein family is an unknown. His body lies at the Clifton Morgue, but his name is not on the books of the Albatross, and beyond the fact that he was a Norwegian about thirty-five years old, and that his home was somewhere on President street, in Brooklyn, nothing is known of him. He had been hired on the Ruppert yacht only a few days before the accident.

### Spilled Into the Rough Water.

He and another sailor were rowing the party of nine from the New York Fishing Club grounds out to the yacht when all were spilled into the rough water. Dr. Frohwein's three daughters and the niece, Miss Siebeneichen, were near this nameless Norwegian, who are old friends of our family. He tried to reach the overturned boat, which would have served to support all five, but the girls, with the fear of death in their eyes, clung desperately to him and prevented his swimming a stroke.

He tried to shake them off, but without avail. The girls struggled frantically and held their arms and interlocked with every effort to prevent the sailor from leaving them. Finally the whole group, the sailor, who could have saved himself had he been alone, and the four panic-stricken girls, went down together. When small boats from shore and from the yacht arrived on their mission of rescue it was too late. The sailor and the girls had disappeared. The boats picked up Mr. Ruppert, who was supporting Mrs. Frohwein and her little boy, Otto.

### Girls' Bodies Recovered.

Besides the sailor's body the grapplers yesterday recovered the bodies of Gertrude Frohwein, sixteen years old, and her eight-year-old sister, Matilda. The other two

## WRETCHED BADE HAD FORTY WOUNDS

Leonidas Hickman is not old enough to wonder why he should be beaten. The probability is that he accepts pain and discomfort as the common lot of childhood. He was vastly surprised yesterday, this miserable toddler, when strange men spoke kindly to him, stripped off his garments and examined his bruised and lacerated body with many expressions of horror.

Forty marks of chastisement were found, some recent, some of remoter date. This was not counting seventeen emphysematous welts crowded upon the three-year-old's little neck. To the experienced eyes of the examiners—agents of the Paterson, N. J., branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—it seemed probable that the forty marks had been inflicted with a heavy strap, wielded by a strong man.

Even the child's face had not been spared. His ears, chin, nose and forehead were covered with scars.

"Who beat you?" asked the strange man. "My papa, of course," lisped Leonidas, with the amazed air of one who is asked a totally unnecessary question.

Investigation showed that the little fellow's father was not a member of Mrs. Hickman's household at No. 224 Grand street, but that Mrs. Hickman's lodger, John Glacken, had taken it upon himself to discipline his landlady's infant son as often as seemed to him desirable. This, the neighbors declared, was very often. One of them, Mary Ann Gallagher, was so distressed by the child's howls of pain under the lash that on Thursday night she in-

## WRETCHED BADE HAD FORTY WOUNDS

vaded the Hickman apartments with a view to rescuing him from his tyrant. Glacken, however, had driven her forth with many blows, and she had procured his arrest on a charge of assault and battery.

It was the police who rescued the child, and he had already been released on bail when they presented the new charge against him, and he was re-arrested. In the meantime, Leonidas is revelling in luxury in the home of Agent Bishop, with plenty to eat and a physician to dress his wounds.

### LAD DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Edward Derschel, sixteen years old, was drowned in the East River at Eighty-second street last night. The boy lived with his aunt, Mrs. Wick, at No. 315 East Eighty-fifth street, his parents being dead, and he went to swim in the East River with a number of friends.

The place at Eighty-second street is a favorite bathing place for boys, although considered by the police force with many dangerous spots along the water front. The river is reached from a steep embankment, and there is a strong current at all times. In fact, the best in the house, at \$1.85, and also will sell 200 men's blue serge suits at \$4.22 a suit, value \$10, to-day. King's, the well-known clothiers, corner Broadway and Park place. Open until 8 o'clock this evening.

### Best Suits in the House \$7.50.

King's, corner Broadway and Park place. A revelation to good dressers. To-day we bunch all the \$20 men's suits, silk and satin lined, and sell them at \$7.50. They are blue and black serge, imported plaid stripes, finest worsted and imported plaid suits. The boys swim out some distance, and then cried for help. He sank before any one could reach him. The body was not recovered.

Several shots were fired, but to no purpose, and the police finally withdrew. To-day the strikers again congregated and clubbed and stoned non-union workmen who were trying to reach the Morgan mill. Thirty policemen were dispatched to reinforce the small squad on duty there.

When the police arrived the crowd set on them with sticks and stones. The police kept their clubs clear, and the strikers were finally cleared at the expense of a broken head and a score of arrests, including nine women.

The non-union crew finally ran mill under police protection, and the strike was started up with a strong force. The strikers are far from satisfied, and more trouble is expected. A mob also congregated at to-day, but no violence was

## POLICE ROUTED BY 1,000 STRIKERS

Oskosh, Wis., Aug. 5.—Rioting has been resumed by the striking woodworkers here on account of the sash and door manufacturers trying to operate with non-union labor. At the Morgan plant last night a crowd of 1,000 strikers and sympathizers gathered to attack non-union workmen as they left the mill.

Chief Weisbrod with a force of police succeeded in preserving a semblance of order until darkness set in, when a serious onslaught was made on the police, in which several men were injured. Chief Weisbrod was knocked down by a stone, which struck him in the head.

Several shots were fired, but to no purpose, and the police finally withdrew. To-day the strikers again congregated and clubbed and stoned non-union workmen who were trying to reach the Morgan mill. Thirty policemen were dispatched to reinforce the small squad on duty there.

When the police arrived the crowd set on them with sticks and stones. The police kept their clubs clear, and the strikers were finally cleared at the expense of a broken head and a score of arrests, including nine women.

The non-union crew finally ran mill under police protection, and the strike was started up with a strong force. The strikers are far from satisfied, and more trouble is expected. A mob also congregated at to-day, but no violence was